

The Story of my Migration from the Arabian Peninsula to the Proud Somalia.

I have come to love Jihad and Mujahideen after I heard news about the death of the Mujahideen Amir in Chechnya, the hero Khattab, who by Allah I have love for him and would love to meet him and his companions, headed by the beloved Abdullah Azzam, as we consider them martyrs, and we do not exalt any but Allah.

After the New York towers' event, and the arrogance of the Kufr country America in the Muslim homelands, my serious attempts began to join Jihad, and I began searching for a path to lead me to one of the trenches, but it was fruitless.

My prayers and compliments will not benefit me to gain the trust of those who do have a path."

Time started running before my eyes, while I am between prayer and cry, and my tears poured every time I saw the suffering of Muslims in the world.

Until a day came, I was watching a European educational program about the American occupation of Iraq, and the program had gained a recorded video by the Americans about ugly sexual harassment against Iraqi girls under the age of 12...this harassment occurred when girls would leave to go to school.

I was in pain and my heart broke..." And, the program continued, until the broadcaster said that they acquired another video that shows an Iraqi lady being raped, and meanwhile I was at work...American soldiers invading one of the houses...an Iraqi lady awakes frightened from her sleep because the invasion was at night time...one of the dogs pulled the lady to her room and raped her as she screamed calling the Muslims...and, another soldier pointed a weapon in her face asking her to be silent...

I wasn't able to finish watching the video...I felt at the moment the sweat pouring from the back of my head down to my back...and I began shivering...and anger filled my joints...until I stood up from my desk and went to one of the brothers...

My friend was surprised when I called him screaming 'I need to see you now,' I said in the loudest I could.

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When I barged into his office...I said to him: I want a way now...I can't be more patient than this...arrange a way for me now...He said: what happened? Be patient; do not say anything until we leave the office. I said to him 'it is what I just saw,' so he said 'be patient as time is near, and you have arrived.' I told him 'What do you mean, where and how did I arrive?' He replied 'be patient and you'll know.' I said back to him 'After what I saw, by Allah I will not sit [patiently] for one more hour, even if I go through the borders without a guide.' And I let him stand there and went away.

I passed one of the mosques and I saw a Somali person standing there, and I remember hearing that there is Jihad in Somalia, but I wasn't certain of that. I said to myself 'I know one of the brothers, and I saw him previously praying in one of our mosques, and I can see benevolence in him and he is from the land of Somalia, so maybe I should ask him about the situation in that land!'

I went to prayer in the afternoon, and we prayed the evening prayer, and I saw the brother sitting and I went over towards him; I greeted him and I introduced him to myself and told him: Brother, I see you are a benevolent man and I do not exalt you over Allah, but I prayed to Allah and I'm asking you to help me in a matter. So, the brother gave the look of a confident and curious person, and said 'ask and I will not come short, with Allah's permission.' I said to him 'I seek Jihad in the land of Somalia, and I am not certain whether Jihad there is truthful and according to our doctrine.' He smiled and said 'a truthful jihad, and according to the world mujahideen group's doctrine,' and I explained to me the situation in Somalia and how the mujahideen there are on the righteous path and the truthful doctrine, and that the eyes [of mujahideen] are [fixed] on Jerusalem, and the banner is "no God but Allah." I was pleased, and I said to him 'my beloved in Allah, do I have a way?' I said it expecting to hear what I was used to hearing: we do not know a way. But, I was taken back with my friend saying 'come back tomorrow at this time.' We made a date and I went back happy and joyous, and my heart clinging to Jihad as I see myself holding a weapon in my hand, and my belongings hung on my chest sitting in one of the trenches. It is the happiest day of my life.

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I reached my house and held the hand of my wife; my beloved; the mother of my children, and I sat her down and told her 'I found a way to Jihad.' She looked down and said sorrowfully 'I ask Allah to grace you in your affairs.' I said to her 'do not be sad, as this life is mortal, and our meeting will be in the house of immortality [paradise] Allah-willing. The next day I went to the meeting. I prayed the evening prayer, and I sat waiting for the brother to speak to me, as he had just finished his prayer and afterwards was engaged speaking to one of the Somali brothers. He called upon me, so I went over and sat near him. He introduced me to his friend; dark face with astonishing light! He said 'this is my friend I spoke to you about, and he will tell you how to reach the mujahideen, Allah-willing.' This [other] brother told me 'my name is person x, and Allah-willing I will guide you towards what you wish for.' I told him 'where's the way, brother?' He said 'you leave this Gulf country to this African country, and there you'll find one of the brothers waiting for you, and he'll take you to one of the mujahideen brothers, Allah-willing.' I was happy and I prayer for him, and then we arranged another meeting time.

I was known between my family to love my family and children, and I love to always be in my house, amongst my children; playing and laughing with them, and I cannot imagine being separated from them one day. Every day, before they sleep, I used to tell them a story about a mujahid hero who travels from one place to another to support his brothers, and the night before my travel [to Jihad] I told them the finale of the story series. In the morning, I looked over my youngest child, slightly over a year old, and he is the closest one to my heart, in an attempt to not forget his look and smile. I left with my eyes on my wife and children, as they said goodbyes, and it ended with the voice of children reminding me with a game to buy them when I come back from my travels. 'My beloved, if we do not meet in this life, Allah-willing we will in paradise.

I met my friend in the airport and we boarded the plane, depending on Allah as I left behind me the beloved ones, may Allah grace and protect them.

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After a few days, we reached Africa and to that country where corruption has increased, as every move you make you ought to pay a sum of money to pass...we were tourists coming to enjoy the magic of forests and to see the wild animals.

Allah facilitated our affairs in the airport without problems, and thanks due to Allah, we met some of the brothers. We travelled with them on a long road-trip to a region on the borders, and we had booked a room in one of the hotels and we kept waiting for a few weeks until a car came to us and we headed to the borders.

My trip began to one of the trenches, while my mind is busy with what we were to see ahead of us, as the danger of this trip is relied upon those guarding the borders...they do not accept money, because it is known that if they see a white Arab heading to Somalia, it is certain he is a mujahid. And I was told that the road has a big number of check points, especially the last point; that is the most dangerous. But, we depended on Allah and sought his assistance.

The trip was long and tiring. We reached the first check point, so the driver asked us to prepare. We arranged a sum of money, but we were surprised as the soldier asked us to pass without even looking at our faces. We hoped for goodness to be found in the rest of the check points.

The second one came up, and we passed through without being searched, thanks to Allah. And the third...and the driver astonished... he said 'the norm here is to stop us and threaten us until he takes what he wants of money, because they sustain on these kinds of arrangements.

We passed the fourth; we passed praying and thanking Allah. At night, and after long hours, we reached the most dangerous point of all. Here, they have to stop us and search inside the car, and to interrogate the suspects, because this check point is the headquarters of generals. We had arranged a big sum of money to let us pass, and the driver asked us to pray as this is the real test.

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We arrived, and we were behind a long line of cars...and suddenly, the driver said there is a car of generals coming from behind us. In surprise, the driver said 'I will follow it pretending to be in an official delegation, as the generals' barracks is located directly behind the check point,' and our car was a new 4X4. My friend tried to prevent him from doing so, but the driver insisted on his opinion, and we drove behind the generals. By Allah, we drove as if we owned the place, and no one spoke to us until we passed the check point, and they did not pay attention to us...even the generals in front of us did not realize we were behind them. Allah is the greatest, Allah is the greatest Allah is the greatest---the voices were loud saying these words in the car---and the driver said loudly 'it is grace brothers; this has never happened before. We gave thanks to Allah. The driver said 'brother, now you are inside Somalia.' I thanked Allah for his grace and kindness, and we kept marching heading towards one of the trenches. We entered Somalia, but we stood in the middle of a thick forest, and the driver said 'get out quickly; quickly ' so we jumped out of the car, while wondering what happened to the brothers.

One of the brothers said there is an armed border patrol, so we quickly ran inside the forest, and the car kept moving in its path. I walked along with my friend and another guide. I smelled a very dirty stench like a corpse...it was one of the dead animals...we heard the sounds of forest beasts eating it, and the guide told us to not move...and suddenly said 'walk very slowly.' We walked in complete darkness, and I bumped into thorny woods every time I walked until my foot got cut, as we did not have a flash-light or a weapon or anything. I whispered to the guide 'where are we going?' So he said 'do not worry.

We walked for three hours, and then we heard some people talking... this area was dangerous and full of thieves and street bandits. The guide told us to wait, and he went away...then he asked us to come...it is the mujahideen. 'Allah is the greatest,' I said in low tone

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We walked till we met them...they greeted us...then we walked for half an hour until we reached a car, and in it were some armed brothers. We took off in the car, and drove between some trees until we arrived at a village. One of the Amirs greeted us, and he said 'we will speak in the morning, but now you should rest.

We went inside a cottage, and we slept on the floor, while happiness filling my heart..

In the morning I woke up to one of the brothers alerting me that breakfast was ready. I washed my face and sat to eat with my friend and the Amir. The Amir told me 'you will be a guest for two days, and then we'll drive you to the brothers in al-Shabab al-Mujahideen Movement.' I was happy with what he said, and some of the mujahideen brothers began passing us and greeted me, and I realized that they love the muhajirin [immigrants] very much, and every night we talked about the mujahideen stories in Somalia.

In one of the stories...in one of the battles with the Ethiopians, the brothers ran out of bullets, and it was a group comprised of about seven mujahideen...the enemy was monitoring their moves...and the brothers entered an open deserted region except of some trees, and the brothers lost hope in survival...so their Amir said 'let's sit next to this tree and pray to Allah the enemy does not see us.' So the brothers said 'how could they not see us while we are in an open area?' The Amir replied 'we'll depend on Allah.' The enemy neared the brothers, and they prepared for martyrdom...and suddenly the Ethiopians screamed: lions, lions...and the enemy ran away frightened. The Amir stood up and looked around 'where are these lions?' He said 'it is a blessing from Allah, as the enemy presumed we were lions, became scared and ran away.'

In another story, one of the brothers was wounded in a battle, so his companion pulled him to a small tree that has a hole at the bottom, and from the outside you cannot see what's inside of it.

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The days passed and his companion came to him with food and water that he used to buy from the Bedouins, hoping the brothers would come and take it. His companion one day left, and our brothers got out to the open crawling, he finished his need and prepared to go back in. He saw a lion preparing to attack, so our brother pulled up his weapon in the lion's face, and the lion became scared and began circulating around him...every time the lion attempted to get closer, our friend pulled up the weapon in its face and would go away, and he continued on this routine until he entered the tree, and after a while the lion entered the hole in the tree, and our friend knew that the lion will not leave him alone, so our brother put the weapon down on the ground, and said to the lion 'O' lion, I am a mujahid for the cause of Allah, so leave me,' and the lion gave him a glance, pulled itself out and left.

So, daily like that we entertained ourselves with stories about blessings, until we sleep. The next morning, it was the awaited day. I woke up like usual as someone saying that food was ready. I washed my face and sat down, and realized in front of me there was a strange person; dark-skinned, short, slim and has long hair, wearing an Afghani dress. The Amir came and introduced me to him and said 'this is person x, and he is in charge of the new mujahideen.' I greeted him in Arabic, and he asked me if I spoke English, and his accent was original British, so I said yes, and I said 'May Allah bless you...you're Somali and you speak English like people in that country,' so he told me that he was not Somali, but a British immigrant. I was surprised and said 'British, here?' He laughed and said 'we have all nationalities here...even Jews!' I laughed and said 'Jewish mujahideen?' He said yes. 'But, two of them came from Europe as Muslims, but Allah scandalized them and it became clear they were from the Mosad.' 'Mosad reached this place?' I said surprised. He said 'of course, as this region is very strategic and important.' I asked if there were other Arabs except myself, so he smiled and said 'I told you we have them from everywhere.' Then he asked if I was ready to journey because travelling is long and tiring. I jumped up and prepared. My companion who came to me to the country came up and said 'it is time to leave, my beloved in Allah,' and I replied 'we shall meet in the

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house of immortality [paradise] brother, and you did everything you can,' and he told me 'you never know, we might meet one day in the battlefield!' I was happy about that, and I prayed for him with tears rushing before words.

We drove in the car to the hospitality house in a tiresome and long journey. We finally arrived to the hospitality house, and I went in with my bag on my back. I was surprised for the number of brothers there...immigrants...they greeted me and gave me blessings for arriving. I began familiarizing myself with them, and they were from everywhere in Africa. I was pulled by presence of brothers with Arabic-looking appearance but they only speak either Swahili or English.

They said they were not Arabs in origins but from an African country where we were born and raised. I told them that we all are Muslims, and I hold Allah witness that I love them through Him.

Two days later, a new immigrant came; dark skinned and wore Arabic clothing, so I greeted him in Arabic and he greeted me back in Arabic, and I became happy and asked him if he was an Arab? He said 'no, but I learnt Arabic in Afghanistan as I carried Jihad over there.' I was very happy to had met him; we chatted and became best friends. All of us spent long weeks together waiting to be assigned to one of the camps scattered around the country.

One day the Amir came and asked us to prepare: 'we're leaving.' We asked whether we were going to the camp, and he said 'yes, Allah-willing, but the camp is very far, so be patient.' I said 'much has gone and little has left.' The next day we began travelling, for an entire two days and through a very tiresome path, until we reached a forest nearby the shore. We camped there awaiting the next-day morning to know what the upcoming step was. In the morning, the Amir of the camp called upon the brothers, and the Amir was from an Asian descent and speaks the dialect of al-Haramain [Saudi Arabia].

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His deputy was dark-skinned and spoke the same dialect. I was happy, and I said that Jihad had gathered us from many countries, and crosses the sea to the Somali shores. The Amir began writing our names (the secure ones, of course), and he called me and asked what my name was, so I said my name is Abu-this and that. He said 'then, you are the Amir of sheikh Ayman al-Zawahiri's group,' so I prayed to Allah, and he began lining the brothers behind me until we became nine in total, and then he organized the other groups like mine, and after he was done he said 'now, we'll build the camp.'

Each one of us looked surprised towards another brother 'build the camp!' The Amir said 'come on, what are waiting for? Carry this stuff and let's move.' We entered the forest, and after the Amir chose the camp's location, he began assigning a location for each group. The Amir of every group began to build the tents and clean the site from bushes and plants. We continued like accordingly for two days, and after we finished, the Amir called us with a loud voice 'meeting, meeting.' We gathered one line after another, and loudly he said 'line up!' Every brother looked at his brother 'what does line up mean?' The Amir shouted 'every person puts his hand on the shoulder of the person ahead of him,' and suddenly he shouted '[back] to how you were,' so the brothers looked at each other until the Amir said to put our hands down. 'Say in your loudest tone, Jihad.' We started learning the daily group arrangements. Then he began with the rules of the camp and the times of morning exercises, the kitchenette, Sharia studies and others. It was a great day. And the day after was greater and then greater...how not when we have begun the practical preparations for Jihad!

The first day of exercise was hard and tiring, but had a unique taste; a taste I never will forget as long as I am alive.

We started the military and Sharia studies, and the course was for three months, more or less. It was a hard camp .

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Food was different and organized, like to adjust and bear hunger and thirst, and shortage of food and its variety, shortage of water and lack thereof. All of these are exercises we had to learn to come out as mujahideen men. The exercises were tiring and exhausting. It began with bringing water from a faraway places, to digging trench holes in a solid ground. They were days full of happiness and sorrow. We met brothers we loved very much, to the point when our talks revolved around meeting after martyrdom. They were beautiful days, but I won't speak about the details and we'll keep them a secret like they are, so briefly, the days passed by fast, until the last month of camp, which is the month of hardship course, military tactics and thereafter the commencement. 'Hardship, O what do you know about hardship?'. He who has fat that remained in his body lost it in the hardship course. We finished as if we were hungry lions. Beautiful day by Allah. After the hardship course, there was the military tactics including street-fighting, urban warfare and fighting in the woods and others of war techniques.

We reached graduation. We were handed military commencement clothes and it basically was green Afghani clothing with military turbans, like this one but the difference is the turban. We wore them, and afterwards the Amir called upon the group for daily line-up and announced the end of the camp.

Everyone gave thanks to Allah. Weapons and role were assigned, and then the Amir said 'Now, wait for the troops cars to arrive to transfer the army to the fields of battle and martyrdom. 'Allah is the greatest, Allah is the greatest, Allah is the greatest,' the hungry lions screamed to face off the apostates and crusader disbelievers.

The army, thirsty for fighting and lovers of martyrdom, moved to towards the men's battlefield; I was with them and my eyes and soul looking forward to meet my creator, raised and glorified, after martyrdom. How many times I wished to be in one of the trenches, and here

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I am on my way to what Allah has facilitated for me. We reached the capital Mogadishu after a long trip full of emotions; longing for Jihad. We were taken to areas where the army had gathered, and after few days we were transferred to the forefront, then we were assigned into groups and then we were taken to the points of face-offs.

I arrived and waited for orders from the group's commander to direct me. Our Amir was one of the muhajireen [immigrants] brothers from Sweden. I love him when I saw him, as if I saw martyrdom in his eyes; kind-hearted and soft, and always reading the Quran. He told me 'come sit here, and if you see the enemy, fire!' I didn't understand what he said until I sat in my position. I sat and saw in front of me dark-skinned men, dusty and moldy-looking, running in the front and shooting at us. We waited for a few seconds until I figured that they were apostates, and I began firing my AK-47. The Amir came over and asked me to not fire much because that is what they wanted, 'wait until you see them coming forward.' Then he said 'take my BK automatic weapon and shoot one bullet at a time. I said 'OK.' Not even half an hour passed that I shot an apostate in his head. I prayed, and the Amir saw what I did, and then said 'good news brother, you have just taken his place in heaven.' I was happy, and I used to not leave my position even if my time was over for guarding. Two days later, order came to move forward to face the enemy, and it was afternoon time. Before the orders came, one of the brothers came from the Arabian Peninsula and with him was a Yemeni brother, and they asked to greet the guest, so I said 'we're missing dates and Arabic coffee.' The brother said that he only has tea. I said that was alright, and that the Amir and myself were to come over. So he said 'I will wait for you after prayer, Allah-willing.' But, the orders had come to face the enemy, , so I said jokingly to the Amir 'what do you think about drinking tea first then we move forward, what you think?

The Amir said 'we'll move forward, and if we martyred, then we'll drink it in paradise Allah-willing,' and he pointed towards the sky.

The orders came to move forward, so we lined up in one line and moved forward while firing our weapons, and the enemy responded. The Amir was hit along with one of the brothers. We finished moving forward, and I crawled to one of the houses, and was surprised with the enemy in my face, and one of the apostates came out and I shot him in his face, and then he dropped dead, and the second came out and I shot him in his shoulder and then ran away. The enemy was defeated and left scared like mice. After I went back to the wounded Amir, he smiled and with his finger pointing to the sky like he was telling me 'I'm waiting for you in paradise to drink tea, so do not be late.' He was martyred while smiling. I ask Allah to meet you in paradise, O beloved in Allah. It was a fruitful trade brother."

"The fighting continued and remains continuous, until victory or martyrdom. One day I sat with my weapon in my hand, and my equipment to my chest dreaming with the day Allah will connect me to the convoy of martyrdom. How many brothers and companions have martyred; nationalities from all over the world, and they came but to raise the banner of 'No God but Allah,' with their eyes and ours always towards Jerusalem. O Allah, have us join the martyrs.

**May Allah accept these killed mujahideen from Jannah
Al Firdaws. Ameen**

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